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Field Mouse

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Field Mouse

by Don Thackrey

Before the sickles lurched the maimed field mouse.
My mowing cost his life and half his house—
But still, like feigning bird, he tried to lead
The killing blades away from child and spouse.

My business was with wheat and getting seed.
I'm not the kind of man who has a need
To pity animals that I must kill
On farms. That would be irony indeed.

I swear the horses stopped of their own will
To make me watch. Oh, I remember still,
The mouse leaped feebly, looked at me, and died.
I clucked. The horses strained ahead, uphill.

I don't know why this small brave mouse, soft-eyed,
Put me in mind of worldwide fratricide.

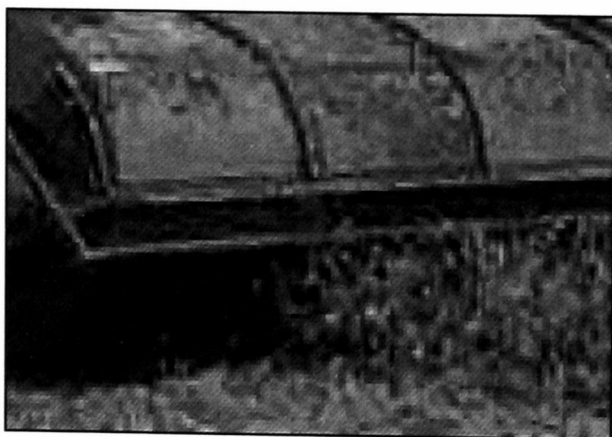


Photo by Joel Kendall

